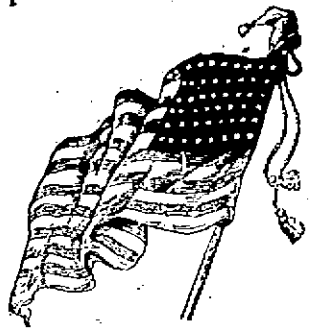


# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and sixtieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publishers.

## Local Matters.

### SUB FOR LARGE SUMS

Newport has the promise of sensational court proceedings when two new cases instituted within a few days are brought to trial. These cases concern two prominent society men of this city. Mr. George Peabody Eustis has instituted a slander suit against Mr. Ogden Codman, the amount of damages being laid at \$100,000 and Mr. Codman has brought an action of trespass against Mr. Eustis for \$25,000. It is understood that the "trespass" consisted of a fictitious assault upon Mr. Codman when he failed to apologize for remarks which he is alleged to have made concerning the sympathies of Mr. Eustis in the present war.

The prominence of the men concerned and the large sums named in the legal papers make the cases of more than ordinary interest. Mr. Eustis has occupied a summer residence here for several years, spending his winters in New York and Washington. During the Spanish war he served as an ensign in the United States Navy. Mr. Codman is a prominent architect of Boston, and has occupied the Parker cottage on Merton Road during the past season. Both men are members of some of the most exclusive clubs of New York and Newport, and are well known in Society.

### ROBERT GROSVENOR

Mr. Robert Grosvenor of New York and Newport, a son of Mrs. William Grosvenor, died very suddenly at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York on Sunday, following an attack of influenza. He had been staying at the hotel with his wife for a few days, preparatory to opening his winter residence, and was taken suddenly ill and died within a brief time. His untimely death came as a great shock to his many friends in this city.

Mr. Grosvenor was well known in Newport, where he had spent most of his summers from childhood. He attended St. George's School here for several terms. He was a graduate of Harvard University, and was preparing to receive his diploma in medicine from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York. He was devoted to chemistry and had done a great deal of research work along this line.

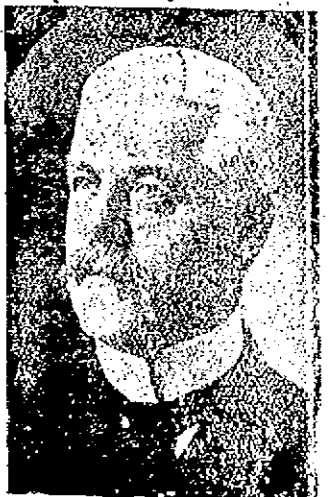
Mr. Grosvenor was married last spring to Miss Arielle Frost of Chicago, who survives him. He also leaves, besides his mother, two brothers, William and Theodore P. Grosvenor, and four sisters, Mrs. Dudley Davis, Mrs. G. Maurice Congdon, Mrs. George Peabody Gardner, Jr., and Mrs. Richard Cary Curtis.

Rev. Nathaniel J. Sproul, D. D., has removed with his family to Somerville, N. J., where Dr. Sproul will at once assume the pastorate of his new church. He preached his farewell sermon at the First Presbyterian Church in this city last Sunday, and had large congregations at both morning and evening service. He will be greatly missed in Newport.

### THOMAS P. PECKHAM

Mr. Thomas P. Peckham, one of Newport's leading bankers and prominent in many activities in the city, died quite suddenly at his home on Newport avenue on Thursday evening. For some months he had not been in the best of health, but had been able to attend to his duties at his bank a greater part of the time. He had returned from his annual trip to the White Mountains only about two weeks before his death, and had seemed considerably refreshed. For the past week his health had not been as good, and he had remained at home, although not confined to his bed. On Thursday he suffered an apoplectic attack and died within a short time.

Mr. Peckham was one of Newport's best known and most highly esteemed citizens. A Newporter by birth, his every interest centered in the affairs



of his native city. Whatever promised to be of the best interest to the community met with his hearty and unqualified support. A tireless worker, he gave of his full strength to whatever appealed to his judgment, and his services in organizations and committees for the public welfare were in great demand. A man of almost unerring judgment, of unquestioned integrity, he gave freely of his advice and assistance to all who called upon him. Always fond of young men, he delighted to encourage them in their undertakings, and by quiet suggestion he had directed many along paths that would lead to ultimate success.

Mr. Peckham was a son of the late William P. Peckham and was born in Newport in 1846. After receiving his early education in the public schools of Newport, he began his banking experience as a boy in the old Traders Bank of Newport. He was afterward employed for about a year in the stationery store of the late Charles E. Hammett, Jr., and in 1868, he became a clerk in the old National Bank of Rhode Island. Here he had spent practically his entire business life, being cashier of the bank for many years. When the Industrial Trust Company bought out the National Bank, Mr. Peckham was made the manager of the Newport Branch, and upon the organization of the Newport Trust Company he was made its president, a position that he occupied until his death.

Mr. Peckham took a deep interest in municipal affairs and had served his city in many important capacities. He had been a member and chairman of the School Committee, a member of the old common council and board of aldermen, and a member of the representative council. He was for a number of years a member and active worker in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, but some years ago he affiliated with Emmanuel Church.

He was prominent in the Masonic lodges of Newport, having been treasurer of St. John's Lodge No. 1, until St. Paul's Lodge was chartered, when he became one of the charter members of that body and was its first secretary, serving in that capacity until he was made Master of the Lodge. He had been Regent of Coronet Council, Royal Arcanum, and also Grand Regent of Rhode Island in that Order. He was for a number of years president of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, and, being a staunch patriot, took a deep interest in that organization. He had served for several years as president of the Y. M. C. A., and was largely instrumental in securing the gift of the present handsome building of that organization. He had been treasurer of a number of local organizations, including the Newport Co-operative Association for Saving and Building, the Redwood Library, and many others. He had acted as financial adviser to many organizations of a charitable character.

Mr. Peckham is survived by a widow, who was a daughter of the late Weeden T. Underwood, and one daughter, Miss Ethel M. Peckham.

Another daughter, Miss Bertha Peckham, and a son, Mr. Aubrey Clarke Peckham, died several years ago.

Funeral services will be held on Sunday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock at Emmanuel Church. St. Paul's Lodge No. 1, F. & A. M., will escort the remains to the cemetery and the Masonic ritual will be conducted at the grave.

### NEWPORTER KILLED IN ACTION

Another Newport boy, Samuel M. Cottrell, has paid the supreme sacrifice in the great war against Germany. His father, Hon. Robert C. Cottrell, received a letter this week from a Lieutenant in the 314th Infantry, giving the particulars of his son's death, and paying a high tribute to his valor and skill as a soldier.

Private Cottrell was assigned to machine gun duty and his company was in the great advance made by the Americans in France. For four days he fought valiantly, and was pressing forward with his company on the fifth day when a German shell landed near his gun, killing both Private Cottrell and his Sergeant instantly. There were no wounds visible on their bodies, so it is supposed that death was due to the terrible shock of the explosion. Death was instantaneous and probably painless. The chaplain took charge of the bodies while the company continued to advance. It is hoped that his grave was sufficiently marked so that it can be identified and the remains brought home for interment after the war.

The news of the death of Private Cottrell came as a great shock to his many friends in Newport, where he was widely known and highly esteemed. He was formerly a student at the Rogers High School, and while in that institution took a prominent place in the athletic organizations, being especially prominent in football. He afterward attended private academies, and then entered the employ of a well known manufacturing concern in New York, where he was highly esteemed. When called upon for war service his employers stated that they would hold his position open for him upon his return.

Although Private Cottrell had been at the front for some time, he had been in the army for only a comparatively short period. He left Newport with a draft increment in the early summer, being first assigned to Camp Upton and then transferred to Camp Meade, being sent abroad after a few weeks' training in this country. He took his new profession seriously and was regarded as a valuable man by his officers, being slated for promotion to non-commissioned rank shortly. He met death as he would have wished, while the American flag was advancing against stubborn resistance.

Private Cottrell is survived by his father, Hon. Robert C. Cottrell; one brother, Professor Edwin A. Cottrell; and four sisters, Mrs. Ralph R. Barker, Jr., Mrs. Alexander S. Ackerman, Miss Louise and Miss Katherine Cottrell.

### C. E. TABOR REPORTED KILLED

According to information received from private letters from the front, Clifford E. Tabor of Newport has been killed in France. Private John J. Luddy, a son of the late Alderman Luddy, who is with the 514th Infantry in France writes that the Germans bombarded a base hospital well behind the front lines, and that Private Tabor was killed. No official announcement of the fact has as yet been made.

Mr. Tabor had been employed in the drug store of Mr. Charles M. Cole in this city for about two years and roomed with Mr. and Mrs. William G. Ward at 29 Power avenue. His home was in Cranston, where his parents now live. He was a young man of pleasing disposition and excellent character and was well liked by all with whom he came in contact. He was attached to the medical department, having had a valuable training in the pharmacy at Newport. He was an active member of the First Presbyterian Church.

The Young Men's Republican Club has organized for the year by the election of James W. Thompson as president. Eugene I. Brown as vice president, Harold P. Arnold as secretary and Willard L. Pike as treasurer. Because of the emergency conditions the Club will omit its usual campaign dinner this year, but will continue its activities for the success of the Republican ticket. The retiring president of the Club, Mr. George B. Austin, and the vice president, Ensign James P. Cozens, are both in the armed service of the country, the former in the Army and the latter in the Navy. President Wilson did not refuse their services because of their activities in the Republican party.

### REPUBLICAN RALLIES

The Newport Opera House was filled to the doors on the occasion of the Republican rally on Wednesday evening. The crowd was a quiet one, with considerable enthusiasm at intervals, but being present for the very apparent purpose of listening to what the Republican statesmen had to say on the great issues that confront the Nation today. They listened quietly and intelligently, taking in every point that was made and being receptive of all the excellent arguments advanced. Previous to the assemblage in the theatre, the Newport Military Band rendered an excellent concert on Washington Square, which helped to draw the crowd.

Governor Deekman presided, and was enthusiastically received, as he always is in Newport or any other part of the State. He gave a quiet, straightforward talk in opening, referring to President Wilson's suggestion that the Nation did not need Republicans to carry on the war, and pledging himself as Governor to do his best to win the war.

Senator LeBaron B. Colt gave a scholarly address in his usual masterful style dealing in a patriotic manner with the important questions that must be settled now and also after the war. He showed the support that he had given to President Wilson and the necessary measures for prosecuting the war with vigor, and expressed a desire to be allowed to serve his country in the manner in which he is best fitted.

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury, was an able speaker, and although his address was a long one, his auditors were by no means exhausted when he had finished. Mayor Clark Burdick of Newport, the nominee for Congress from this district, spoke rather briefly, but made an excellent impression. He told of the deep interest that Newport has in the National government at Washington because of the important positions here. He paid a splendid tribute to the Newport boys who have fallen in action, and issued a strong appeal for the right to representation in the conduct of the war by the Republican party which has given of her best.

There have been several other rallies held during the week, mostly of a special nature, which have been addressed by strong speakers. The candidates and their friends have been kept busy attending the various meetings in Newport and elsewhere. Everywhere a strong hostility has been found to the President's suggestion that this is a war by the Democratic party, in which the Republicans are to have no interest.

Some of the Democratic orators from out of town have been in the city within the last few days, including Josephus Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, and Theodore Francis Green, the Democratic nominee for Congress.

### MISS MACLEOD IN FRANCE

The work in France of Miss Jessie MacLeod of this city, is attracting much favorable comment in the press, an account of her activities being sent out from the headquarters of the United War Work Campaign in New York. In company with a young woman from Yonkers, Miss MacLeod is established in an abandoned hotel in a ruined French village, where the two young women are engaged practically day and night in serving food and refreshments to soldiers going to or returning from the front, and are also able to furnish a limited number with sleeping accommodations. They are working under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and the men who have had occasion to pass their establishment have had occasion to bless them for their tireless aid.

Miss MacLeod is a daughter of the late Angus MacLeod and a sister of Dr. Norman M. MacLeod and of ex-Mayor William MacLeod, the latter being himself an officer in the Army.

### CROWELL-WATSON

The marriage of Miss May Evelyn Watson, daughter of Police Sergeant and Mrs. William F. Watson, and Mr. Benjamin Crowell, took place at the First Methodist Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening, Rev. William I. Ward officiating. The bride was attractively gowned in white crepe de chine with a tulle veil, and carried a bouquet of chrysanthemums. She was attended by Miss Gertrude Ehrhardt as bridesmaid and the best man was Mr. William West. The ushers were Messrs. Robert W. Thompson, William B. Thompson, Henry Clancy and Joseph Simpson.

After a wedding trip to Albany and other places, Mr. and Mrs. Crowell will make their home at 112 Second street.

### MANY TAXES UNPAID

The board of aldermen held their final meeting as a board of canvassers on Wednesday morning and found a great deal to be done before the voting lists will be in condition for use on election day. Tax Collector Higbee presented a long list of names of persons assessed for personal property taxes, who had not paid their taxes at the time of closing his office on the previous day. In former years it has been the practice for the board of canvassers to order these names stricken from the voting lists, unless the men have registered this year, but following the custom inaugurated last year, the board ordered the names of these men removed from the personal property section of the lists and placed on the registry section, provided the men have registered once. This makes an immense amount of work for the city clerk, and also for the Mercury Office, where the voting lists are printed. About 1500 changes must be made and the printed lists delivered as far in advance of the election as possible.

Under the present system of changing the names from the personal property to the registry section, instead of striking them from the lists, the men lose no privilege by their neglect to pay their taxes. A registry voter can vote for every office for which a taxpayer can vote at the State election. At the city election, one month later, it will be different, as the registry voters are not allowed to vote for members of the board of aldermen or representative council. It is possible that a large amount of these personal property taxes may be paid up before that time and the names restored to the personal property list. It is extremely probable that unless the political parties or interested individuals come to the rescue and pay up these taxes that the Tax Collector will have a long list of uncollected personal property taxes to report to the representative council in January.

### SUPERIOR COURT

Judge Barrows was on hand Monday morning to go on with the business of the October session of the Superior Court, which had been postponed from the regular opening day because of the influenza epidemic then prevailing.

The grand jury was charged by the Court and went out to consider a number of cases which were ready for its consideration. In the afternoon their report was made, indictments being returned against Paul E. Hilton, James B. Argyro, Bessie Tolson, James S. Stepp, Howard B. Dustin, Michael E. Mainelli, Abe Adler, and John Matos.

On Tuesday divorce cases were in order, and the following petitions were granted: Clara Briggs Pendleton vs. William Oscar Pendleton, Marion G. O'Donnell vs. Joseph P. O'Donnell, Gerda Peterson vs. Charles Peterson, Ruth Westall Keeley vs. Frank P. Keeley, Otto Hicks Strack vs. Ethel Strack, Margaret Donovan vs. James J. Donovan.

Wednesday was criminal day in the court, and several of those indicted by the grand jury were called to plead. There was one jury trial—against Howard B. Dustin, whose alleged offense was committed in the town of Tiverton.

### GOVERNMENT HOUSING WORK

Work will be begun at once on the Government Housing project on Old Fort Road. Stakes have been set, and the Building Inspector has issued the building permit, the estimated cost of the improvements being set at \$140,000. The board of aldermen has also authorized Street Commissioner Sullivan to go ahead with the city's portion of the work in improving the highways, this work being started rather earlier than expected because of the fact that some other city work was finished. The Street Commissioner felt that if he should lay off his men he would probably lose them, as there is such a demand for labor at present, and in consequence the aldermen decided to start the government work.

The architectural plans for the new buildings call for three different types, so that the new community will not have the appearance of a tenement street in a factory town. It is promised that the completed work will be both attractive and convenient.

Mr. Frank M. Wheeler, Jr., has enlisted in the United States Army and reported for duty at Fort Adams this week.

Mr. Samuel F. Pratt of this city passed his 95th birthday on Tuesday last, October 22d.

### PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Mr. Antone Goularte has been placed in Class 4, Division C, as necessary sole manager of an agricultural enterprise.

About 25 friends and relatives of Mrs. Almira Tallman gave her a pleasant surprise when they gathered at her home to celebrate her eightieth birthday. Mrs. Tallman received several pretty gifts and a good sum of money. Games were played and ice cream and cake were served.

Miss Helen Ayler, who submitted to an operation at the Newport Hospital, is doing very well.

Mr. Joseph Picheo has enlisted in the Merchant Marine service in Boston.

Mr. Fred Regal, U. S. N., of New London, who has been very ill with influenza, is spending a ten days' furlough with Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Tallman at Cosy Corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith and sons William and Allen have returned from a 1800 mile motor trip, when they visited Canada, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Grinnell have gone on a motor trip. Mrs. S. A. Carter is keeping house for them during their vacation.

Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., conducted the services at St. Mary's Church on Sunday morning. A large party of men from Camp Admiral Oman was present and added much to the service by their singing of the hymns.

The schools of the town resumed their sessions on Monday.

Miss Marion Hall entertained a large party of young people at a "hushing bee" recently at her home on Union street. There were present several young men stationed at Camp Admiral Oman.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held its weekly meeting on Thursday for the first time since the epidemic.

Mrs. Minot A. Steele entertained the guild of St. Paul's Church on Tuesday. The Red Cross Auxiliary met at the Parish House on Wednesday, and the Ladies' Association met with Misses Fannie and Grace Hicks on Thursday.

There was a large attendance at the dance given by the Oakland Club at Oakland Hall on Tuesday evening. Congdon's Banjo Band played for dancing.

Rev. William H. Allen, of the Thames street Methodist Episcopal Church will preach at the Methodist Episcopal church here on Sunday in exchange with Mrs. Kathryn Cooper.

Plans are being made to keep Camp Admiral Oman open for an indefinite period owing to the water shortage in Newport. A large supply of blankets has arrived for the men and stoves have arrived to be used when the weather becomes cold. Saturday and Sunday the camp was open to visitors from 10 to 6 o'clock and many availed themselves of the opportunity to visit them. The new song dedicated to the band was sung again and proved a big hit, as many copies were sold on Sunday. On Tuesday evening Lieut. Staley and his officers gave a Hallow E'en dance at the camp. The band at the dance, directed by Bandmaster Brown, played for the dancing and refreshments were served. Among the guests were Mrs. Beekman, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Oman, Capt. and Mrs. Edward H. Campbell, Lieut. Orson D. Munn, Lieut. J. K. Brachvogel, Surgeon Norman Risley and Mrs. Risley, Col. and Mrs. Oscar I. Straub, Lieut. Staley was assisted by Lieut. C. Meyers, Surgeon Carroll, Ensigns William Sturgis, Jr., C. O. Birkland, E. P. Johnson, Ames Stevens, J. F. Burke, E. F. Murphy, P. Vandenberg, R. E. Anderson, C. L. Arter, G. Hewitt, R. W. Gibbs, H. F. Schurle, T. W. Gregory, Jr. On Thursday evening the enlisted men gave a Hallow E'en party to a large number of guests, with the Camp band playing for dancing.

Ten young men from the Camp have gone to Samuel Hathaway's farm in Tiverton for a week. They will assist with the hushing. They are also assisting several on the Island, where their timely help is greatly appreciated.

Lieut. Staley's beautiful horse met with an accident on Monday when it was struck by an automobile at the camp and its leg was broken. It was the pet of the camp.

Mrs. Vanderbilt arranged for the moving picture films, taken at Camp Admiral Oman when she reviewed the regiment and those taken when Governor Deekman reviewed it and inspected the camp, to be sent to the camp to be shown to the officers and men there. The pictures were much enjoyed by all.

A Newport hackney auto coming down Broadway with a load of soldiers about 7:30 Thursday morning had a mix-up with a Ford car at the corner of Broadway and Cranston avenue, as a result of which both cars were seriously damaged. The hackney auto ran into a tree and the Ford was disabled in the gutter. Several persons who saw the hackney coming in Broadway before the accident commented on its high speed.

The strong football team from the Naval Training Station here met with inglorious defeat at the hands of the Naval Academy team at Annapolis last Saturday, by the score of 47 to 7. The large number of rooters who accompanied the local team on their trip found their services of no avail.

# BRIDE of BATTLE

A Romance of the  
AMERICAN ARMY  
Fighting on the Battlefields of  
FRANCE



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## CHAPTER XIII.

No word had come of any project of attack on the morrow morning. In this the sergeant's prediction had probably proved false; yet the feeling in the air of something impending seemed to have communicated itself to the enemy's lines.

A writing party and a listening post party were out from the American trenches, and Mark was on duty with three others of the stretcher bearers' company, ready for a call.

A corporal was at the dugout door. "Stretcher bearers!" he whispered. The four men were on their feet immediately, two stretchers ready.

"A man hit between the lines," said the corporal. "You've got to bring him in. You can see him from this loop-hole."

Mark stepped upon the sentry's platform and saw, indistinct in the darkness, a huddled form about half-way to the German trenches.

Then he heard Kellerman's voice at his side.

"A man of the —th got hit," he said. "Bring him in, Weston. Make a quick job of it. Corporal Baines, you'll take charge. You two will be ready to take out your stretcher in case anything happens," he added to the two others.

The corporal led the way, crouching, toward the gap in the wires. They passed two lines, traversed a diagonal lane, and emerged beyond the third into the open. The body of the wounded man, which had disappeared, came into light, a black patch under the stars.

"Get down!" whispered the corporal. They flung themselves to the ground, and proceeded to wriggle forward, under his directions, pushing the stretcher as noiselessly as possible across the rough ground. Suddenly the man with Mark uttered an exclamation.

"What the devil's he sent us on this job for?" he demanded truculently. "Shut up, you fool!" whispered the corporal hoarsely.

"That ain't the man. He's been there these past three days. Dutchman he is; every listening post party knows him. What's the good of bringing him in? He ain't got no head to him."

"What you talking about?" snarled the corporal. "That's the man the Major said, and there ain't no other in sight. Tchit!"

They flattened themselves as a rocket burst into the air above the German lines.

Then the machine guns burst forth. "Bat-tat-tat-tat!" sang the bullets overhead.

They swished through the grass and pattered on the ground. No answer came from the section of the American line immediately behind the defenders, but on each side there came answering volleys, making the air an inferno of crackling death. Then, gradually, the alarm subsided. The rocket showers died down.

"Now, boys!" whispered the corporal.

They crawled onward. The huddled form came into clear view. The body seemed to be already blending with the earth, melting into formlessness; and there was no need to wonder whether this was of a dead or wounded man.

The corporal swore. "I told you so!" mumbled Mark's companion. "I told you so. What's he sent us here for, the fool?"

His words ended in a gurgle. From behind the shelter of the corpse leaped five men. Noiselessly they flung themselves upon the party of three. Mark felt a pistol at his temple.

"Surrender!" hissed a voice in his ear.

In a flash he realized the trap. The three were unarmed, noncombatants; it was a counter-raid—and Kellerman had known that the enemy were abroad that night and suspected their rendezvous.

He saw his two companions being dragged, unresisting, toward the German lines. Three men were with them; besides his immediate antagonist there was only one other figure in the immediate vicinity, and that one had half turned away.

And the thought of the infernal trap goaded Mark to madness. As his captor, never suspecting resistance on his part, let the muzzle of the pistol droop, Mark drew back his hand and struck upward with all his might.

He felt the burn of the powder as the discharged bullet sped under his chin, he heard the startled cry of the Germans; and then a furious outburst of machine-gun fire came from the trenches opposite. Two very lights went up, revealing the two struggling men to the sentries on either side.

Mark saw a powerful man, a sergeant, he thought, with close-cropped yellow hair and the body of a Hercules. The man dashed at him, striking madly with his bare fists. The two fought amid a hailstorm of bullets.

Suddenly the German uttered a choking cry and dropped, blood spurting from his throat, where a chance bullet had found him. As he fell, Mark precipitated himself upon him and lay flat on the ground.

The firing died away. Captain

Mark began to crawl back toward the parapet of his lines. A whispered challenge, an answer, and he had scaled



Fought Amid a Hailstorm of Bullets.

the sandbags and descended into the mud of the trench, to find the firing posts crowded and himself facing Kellerman and the company captain.

Inwardly boiling, he stood still. It was too dark to see the expression on Kellerman's face, but he could imagine the sneering grin that disgraced it.

"Well!" said Kellerman sharply. "The man you sent me to bring in was dead. He had been there for days."

"Where are your companions?" demanded Kellerman.

"Captured."

"And you?"

"We were attacked in the dark. I fought with my man until a bullet killed him. The others were taken."

"And your stretcher?" asked Kellerman with a bland sneer.

"I left it between the lines. Do you wish me to go back for it, sir?"

"This man is lying," said Kellerman to the Captain calmly. "He abandoned his companions and ran away. He lost his stretcher. Put him under arrest."

The Captain beckoned to the platoon sergeant, who came forward.

"I'd like to say one thing," said Mark, striving to keep his voice steady. "We three were sent out to bring in a dead man, who had been dead for days—anyone here will bear me out in this. Was any man wounded tonight? There was only one body in this section."

"Cut it out!" said the sergeant, laying his hand on Mark's shoulder.

But Mark swung clear of him and turned and faced Kellerman again. "You sent me out tonight to put me out of the way?" he cried, losing all self-control. "For reasons that you know, and I know, you wanted me dead, and you were willing to send two others to their death also. You lied to me to put me off my guard, and—here you, you treacherous dog! I drew a—here's the blow you gave, back again!"

He struck Kellerman a buffet that sent him reeling back against the parapet.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The three officers who had brought in their verdict, and the fourth, of high rank, who had passed the sentence, stood rather stiffly at the door of the little headquarters village house, watching Mark as, with hands chained, he was marched away by two armed guards toward the jail.

When he was out of sight they unbent.

"D—o it!" said one.

"My sentiments," answered another.

"What do you think, McKinnon?"

"I don't want to think about it."

"If it had been some tough who had got roped into the army—a gunman or that sort—but—"

"Well, if the fellow's a gentleman, why did he do it? He must have known."

"And, after all, he might have been reprieved for the blow, but the gross cowardice—"

"I don't see that. The blow was worse than the cowardice. A new hand, between the lines at night, his first night—Kellerman shouldn't have sent him—"

"I don't follow you there. Kellerman had known the man in the U. S. and wanted to give him a chance to redeem himself."

At nightfall Mark was sitting in his cell. He had eaten, he had composed himself to meet his end according to the traditions of his caste and race; but he could not meet it calmly. He had deliberately flung everything away; he had let Kellerman goad him to madness; he was going to die without even the soldier's satisfaction of duty honorably done. And he could not compose himself.

Suddenly he heard the outer gate of the prison click; then came the sound of voices, footsteps, a woman's swishing skirts; Eleanor and Colonel Howard stood at the barred entrance with the guard.

Mark rose from his bed and stood staring at them; he could hardly believe them real. The guard unlocked the door of the cell. Eleanor shrank back against the corner of the nursery, her kerchief to her lip, her face chalky white. Suddenly she started forward. The Colonel whispered a word, she brushed him aside as if she had not heard him. Her arms sought Mark's neck and found it. She pressed her lips to his.

"Captain Mark! Dear Captain Mark!" she sobbed.

And, holding her closely to him, and forgetting Howard's presence and everything else, Mark found his peace. Colonel Howard was trying to calm her, to assuage her frantic grief. At last he persuaded her to sit down. He took Mark by the arm as if he were a child, and placed him beside her.

"Mark, my dear boy—Mark, I heard of it only five minutes ago," he said. "I had to spend the night here, and Eleanor had got leave to meet me. I've just learned the outlines of it. I'm trying to get the General. Yes, yes, I know he refused this morning, but he didn't know. I'm only going to ask for a respite till I can see him personally. It will come out all right. Now tell me, Mark, what happened? How did Kellerman meet you? Why did you strike him? I don't ask about the charge of cowardice, because that isn't worth speaking about. I'll settle that with the General—I haven't forgotten Santiago. But about that blow, Mark—how did it all happen? Tell me exactly, so that I—"

It was unlike the old Colonel to gabble so fast. Perhaps he was afraid of breaking down.

"Can tell the General. Now begin, Mark. Tell me from the beginning."

But Mark did not open his lips. And before Colonel Howard could resume Eleanor had sprung up and faced Mark eagerly.

"Now, Captain Mark, listen! If you've never listened to me before, listen now!" she cried. "I know you aren't going to tell the Colonel. It's



"Now Capt. Mark, Listen."

like you, Captain Mark. You're stubborn. You have a stupid, wicked streak of stubbornness in you that always makes you pretend things, and always prevents you from letting the world see what a dear, good, splendid man you are. I know you through and through, though you've never known your silly silences. You seem to like to be misunderstood. You like things to go wrong with you, so that you can suffer undeservingly. But it isn't heroic of you, Captain Mark. It's stubborn and wrong, and, where others are concerned, it's criminal. Where others are concerned—others who love you, Captain Mark!"

She spoke with intense passion, but, when she ended, she put her arms quietly about his neck. "Tell the Colonel, Captain Mark, because of me," she said.

"There's nothing to tell, my dear," said Mark, groping for the words that would not come. "I struck him because he—"

And he could say nothing. Of Kellerman's blow outside the inn, of his false offer of friendship, of the treachery that had risked three lives that Mark might die on a false errand—nothing! And, if he had been able to speak, he could not have told. Yet he was ignorant of the inhibitory process that now, as always, held him in silence.

But Eleanor clung to him. "Yes, Captain Mark. Because he—"

"He sent three of us out to rescue a wounded man unnecessarily," said Mark lamely.

He saw a spasm pass over Howard's face. This was worse than Howard could have believed. The Colonel was shaken; his faith was strong, but he was one of those who accept the obvious.

"Listen, Captain Mark!" said Eleanor, speaking as if to a baby. "That isn't what you wanted to say. You had no thought of criticizing your superior officer, even if you thought him wrong. That isn't what you meant. Perhaps he'll tell me, father. Stand back a little. Now, whisper it, Captain Mark!"

But in the shelter of Eleanor's arms Mark felt altogether at peace. What did it matter, all this of long ago?

"Are you going to marry Kellerman, Eleanor?" he asked.

Very softly, in the obscurity, he felt her shake her head. And the action had precisely the opposite effect of what Eleanor had intended.

For nothing mattered any more, nothing at all. He couldn't find excuse

Mark Wallace had never excused himself in his life.

Eleanor drew herself out of his arms and looked at him. He looked from her face to the Colonel's. Why were they worrying him? How could he hope to save his life by going into the obscure details and explanations that they required of him?

And what a long vigilante, beginning back in the war department! Mark could not string a case together; his mind was not constructed in that fashion.

Eleanor laid her hand on his arm. "Captain Mark—don't you see that every moment is torture to us?" she asked.

There was a terrible intensity in her tone, as if she were holding herself rigidly in restraint, for fear that she would fall should she yield to her emotion.

"I struck him," stammered Mark. "I told you why. I thought he was wrong to risk those lives—"

The look upon each face seemed to be frozen there; it was as if their lives and not Mark's, hung upon his words.

Suddenly a shriek pierced the sky, cutting off Mark's speech, and a shell burst somewhere by with a shattering detonation, followed by the dull boom of a distant gun. The Colonel started, and then resumed his gaze.

It seemed to Mark as if that was an eternity of torture. He struggled in his mind desperately to find words to say when the noise subsided.

But there came a stunning sound that seemed to split his ear-drums. He fell forward, and felt as if some one had lifted him; looked out into darkness, sought Eleanor and knew nothing.

## CHAPTER XV.

When he slowly grew conscious it was with the glad realization that he had found her. He felt her hands, supple and warm, binding a bandage round his arm. He opened his eyes to see her face bent over his. And it was dawn.

Vague cries rang in his ears, distant cries, bleeding, surging, swelling and dying down, but never ceasing. The rattle of small-arms was continuous, and punctuated by the loud thimbre of guns.

He was lying amid a heap of debris that had been the village jail. Not far away he saw the Colonel sitting with eyes closed, propped up against the fragments of a wall, a blood-stained bandage round his head.

"O thank God!" cried Eleanor. "You have been unconscious so long, Captain Mark! And the Colonel is badly hurt. I saw the Red Cross wagon pass and cried, but they could not hear me."

All round them the guns were booming, all round them they saw khaki-clad Americans swarming over the fields, and yet the village seemed deserted. They were alone in a little oasis of calm amid the tumult.

"What are we to do?" cried the girl. "Can you walk? Try to stand on your feet. Let me help you. We must get the Colonel somewhere."

The question on Mark's lips died away as there came the howl of a heavy shell, followed by a stunning impact. A column of broken bricks spouted into the air at the end of the street, dissolving into a cloud of dust. An interval, and again there came a missile from the monster gun. A house in the next street went down like cardboard.

It was the threatened attack on the American lines. The enemy was in force somewhere across the fields, the reserves were rushing up to repel them.

Mark staggered to his feet and found that he could stand. His arm ached under the bandage, but it was not broken. Probably a splinter had struck him. He made his way toward the Colonel, who eyed him vacantly as he approached.

"Take Eleanor to safety and leave me, Mark," he said, in a choking voice. "I'll take you both, sir. This can't last long. Our men will be in the village in a few minutes. Or an ambulance will pass."

Mark put his hands beneath the Colonel's arms and tried to lift him.

As the Colonel tried to stand he collapsed forward to Mark's arms. He looked at Mark piteously.

"Take her and leave me," he whispered. "And listen to me, Mark. She cares for you. All will come right, if I can keep my worthless carcass alive until I've seen the General. But I never counted on being done up like this."

There were tears in the old man's eyes. "Forgive me, my boy," he muttered, and fell into unconsciousness.

Mark set him down against the wall again. It was impossible to move him, even with Eleanor's help.

Mark looked at Eleanor. "It's safest here," he said. "The village will be occupied soon. Help will come."

He broke off abruptly as another of the heavy shells dropped nearer, sending the brick fragments flying in all directions. Of a sudden it had occurred to him that the reason why the Americans did not enter the village was that it was a death-trap; its ranges were all mapped and plotted, and the Germans were bent on its systematic destruction.

Mark stood by Eleanor in irresolution, cursing his fate. He did not know what to do. He could not leave her; and yet he felt a burning impulse to play some part in affairs. His eyes, trained by long years of practice, took in the tactical situation at a glance. The Germans must have made a prodigious thrust in the night, bursting through the center; the reserves, still rushing over the fields, were trying to fill and hold the gap. And the little headquarters village was the key to the whole battlefield.

Wounded men came streaming down the street, followed by the merciless shells. The aeroplane above was still circling like a hawk; it seemed incredible that no aeroplane attacked it. And it was quite clear to Mark that only treachery, calculated and long planned, could have brought about the situation.

For the Germans must have advanced four miles since nightfall.

"Help will come—" Mark repeated;

and suddenly, even above the drumfire, he could hear the sounds of cheering. And, topping the ridge that ran before the village, there came a swarm of gray-green figures, thrusting back the thin, scattered line that held it. The bullets were whirling overhead, audible, and like a swarm of bees. Clouds of dust rose up and hid the battle.

Eleanor, clutching Mark's arm, stood tense beside him; Mark saw that she understood, and the two held their breath as the dust clouds eddied along the ridge.

Suddenly they dissolved, and the attacking swarm poured like a great flood into the village. It looked as if all were lost.

But an instant later Mark saw a little company of Americans thrust out a Maxim gun from behind a wall, where they had hidden it. The gunner took his seat, and, just as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forces its way through the ice-crust of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as (torrent meets torrent, with a surge and a rush a body of American troops swept forward to meet them.

The battle was all about them. Every house was a fortress, every mound of bricks a rallying point. Mark raised the half-conscious Colonel in his arms and drew him into the shelter of a little hollow in the brick wall. He beckoned to Eleanor to crouch down beside him. There they were safe from flying bullets, and might hope to pass unnoticed. He still hesitated, when a body of Germans rushed, shouting, past him, upon a troop of Americans who came round a shattered corner, led by a young officer carrying a bloody sword.

It was quick and short bayonet work. Mark saw the blades flash, heard the panting gasps of the thrusters and the moans of the wounded. He saw the young officer stagger and fall, a bayonet through his shoulder. The sword fell from his hand. Before the German could withdraw his weapon Mark had snatched up the sword and, with a mighty blow, cloven the German's arm from his body.

And with the blow all his strength returned, all his energy and zest for battle. He forgot everything. Waving



Went on into the Main Street, Mark Leading Them.

the sword, he hurled himself into the attacking ranks. They gave, and with a cheer the defenders swept on into the main street, Mark leading them.

How he fought that day he never knew; long afterward he would see visions of it in sleep, and battle pictures that forever eluded his waking consciousness. Round the little village, the key to the day's fortunes, the tide ebbed and flowed. Company after company came up on either side. Now advancing, now driven back, the Americans fought from street to street and back again. Machine guns opened fire from unexpected places, hideous death traps caught the unwary and venture-

somes, sometimes a street was filled with a foisting mob, too packed to use their steel, tearing at one another with fists and teeth. There was no order, and the command fell to him who seized it. Through all that nightmare Mark fought at the head of his company, looking like a madman, as they said of him afterward. When he came to himself at last he found himself, unwounded, save for his bleeding arm, from which the bandage had long since fallen, and in command of a battalion.

They had driven the Germans from the last house of the village. The delay had saved the day. The reserves had come pouring in. On the ridge beyond the enemy was marshalling for a last counter-attack.

Mark looked about him. Lieutenant captains who should have commanded companies, mingled with privates and privates, were following, as if hypnotized, this middle-aged private with the red cross on his arm. As Mark looked his heart swelled with the consciousness and pride of leadership. And, at his glance, a roar went up that was caught up from man to man and sent echoing into the distance.

And Mark was swept away with unconquerable enthusiasm. It was his day, the day of which every soldier dreams.

"Come along, boys! Break them up!" he shouted, and ran forward.

With one resounding cheer the lines swept after him. A ripple of machine-gun fire caught them, but could not hold them. Over the fallen they pressed on, cries of triumph upon their lips, the faces, set above the gleaming bayonets, animated by a single purpose. And now they were upon them.

Mark fought in the bloody swirl. Blades thrust at him, bullets tore his tattered uniform. Once he was down,

and he saw a giant rush at him with clubbed rifle. He raised his arm, he tried to drive with his sword, lunged and missed. Then the uplifted rifle fell harmlessly beside him, and the giant fell forward, dead, over him, pinning him to the ground, and covering him with his blood. A bayonet thrust had passed clean through his body.

And, looking up bewildered, Mark thought he saw Hartley's face look into his own.

Next moment Mark was on his feet again, and Hartley had vanished. But already the last fustle was over. The Germans broke and fled.

Mark stood still, gasping. The men were crowding all about him, waving their helmets on bayonet points, cheering him, shaking his hand. Across the field two mounted men were riding. They came up to the ridge, and one, a white-haired old officer, leaped to the ground and wrung Mark's hand.

"My thanks—our country's thanks to you!" he cried. "What is your name?"

Mark looked and saw the General's insignia upon the officer's shoulder-straps.

"Weston," he answered.

And suddenly he remembered Eleanor, and, ashamed and humiliated, and yet strangely elevated, he began to push his way back through the crowd.

He turned into the street of the jail. Dead bodies lay everywhere, and already some of the ambulance men were succoring the wounded. Broken guns, rifles, bayonets, all the paraphernalia of battle strewn the streets. The debris of the jail came into view. The sun, dancing above it, indicated, to Mark's astonishment, that hours had passed, and that it was afternoon. Mark felt suddenly sick, he trembled, and with his last reserves of strength he staggered forward.

Then he saw Colonel Howard with him in the office in the wall, and Eleanor kneeling beside him, holding a water-bottle to his lips. She turned, saw him, and ran to him, folded her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Even as he kissed her in return he saw the startled glance that she cast behind her, and, following it with his eyes, he saw a tall figure in uniform emerge from the recesses of the office; and again he stood face to face with Kellerman.

Eleanor released him and stood, still clinging to him, at his side, her hand drawn through his arm. The contrast between the two men was extraordinary. Kellerman looked as if he had just stepped into his uniform; his gloved hands, his adjusted belt, the creases in his tunic were those of the fashion-plate. Looking at Mark, he saw a dirty, grimed, almost unrecognizable figure, with uniform that hung about him in great tatters, blotched and stained with blood.

"You said he would not come back!" cried Eleanor. "You see he has come back. What have you to say more?"

"You misunderstood me, Eleanor."

"I understand you now for the first time in my life. I liked you, Major Kellerman. I trusted you and I believed in you. When you told me that you were working to get Captain Wallace his recognition I was glad, and proud of you both, and happy. What did you do?"

"What did he do?" cried Kellerman furiously. "Why should you believe evil things of me, because he said them?"

"He never spoke one word against you!"

"When the decision has already been made by an impartial court, anxious to clear a soldier's character, if that were possible?"

"Because I have a woman's instinct, Major Kellerman."

"Enough of this," interposed Mark. "What are you doing here, sir?"

He snatched the last word out in irony so bitter that Kellerman winced. "So you've cheated the firing party, Private Weston!" he said, with his habitual sneer.

"O, call me Mark while you're about it," answered Wallace. "Or please remember that I am no longer under your command, nor a soldier in the American army. Technically I am a dead man. Major Kellerman, and dead men—"

"Tell no tales, eh?" responded Kellerman savagely. "Well, here we stand man to man, and the conditions warrant plain speaking. It is not my business to place you under arrest. But, if I do so, you are aware that your life will be worth about five minutes' purchase. So go, Mr. Weston, or Wallace, or whatever you call yourself now. Go—if Miss Eleanor here says the one word that will set you free. Go—and in this confusion you will have a reasonable chance to escape, with those ready wits of yours."

"The one word?" Eleanor gasped.

"The one word 'yes,'" responded Kellerman.

"I will never become your wife, Major Kellerman."

"So you told me the other day, after leading me to suppose that it was your intention," answered Kellerman easily. "Stop, Mr. Weston, if you please, and let me finish. War doesn't leave much sentimentality in a man. We know what life is worth, and we know that life's a matter of bargaining. When we were in America I might have accepted my dismissal, Eleanor. But here we three stand under the naked heavens like ants on a hill. All artificial distinctions have fallen away. I've loved you for many months, Eleanor, and I want to marry you. That's the bald truth of it. In order to persuade you I am willing to let this gentleman escape—to facilitate his escape, even to make our marriage dependent on my success. That's fair, isn't it? And what have you against me? Is it my fault that he was court-martialed and sentenced to death for striking an officer?"

The man's effrontery took Mark's breath away.

"My answer," responded Eleanor steadily, "is 'no.' And even if you could send him to his death it would still









## FRENCH BREACH HUNDING LINE

Germans Driven Back on Whole  
Front Between Sambre  
and Scheldt.

MAKE HEAVY RESISTANCE.

Furious Fighting Rages All Day From  
Tournai Southward to Le Cateau.  
Raismes Forest Is Cleared  
of Enemy.

Pa. — The British, French and  
American troops renewed their offensive  
on the front between the Scarpe and  
Oise rivers and made fast progress.

To the north of Valenciennes the in-  
tervening territory before the Scheldt  
river is being rapidly cleared up, while  
to the south the allies are on the out-  
skirts of the large forest of Morinais,  
where desperate resistance is expected.

Valenciennes is reported by allies to  
be evacuated, except for small German  
outposts. The allies are farther east  
than the city on both the south and  
north, leaving it in a salient.

The British have crossed the Escaut  
river at Beaulieu, north of the  
Mormal Forest.

South of the forest the outlying  
Bishop's Wood has been entirely cleared  
of the foe and the Sambre-Oise canal  
reached to the east.

Many villages have been liberated.  
More than 6,000 prisoners were taken  
in the first day of the drive.

North of Nizy-le-Comte, between Ste-  
sone and Chateau-Fort, the French  
carried part of the hounding position.  
Pershing reported that the Ameri-  
cans east of the Meuse had taken Bois  
Belieu and penetrated Bois d'Etraves  
and Bois de Waville.

Military observers continue to specu-  
late on a probable blow by the Ameri-  
cans toward the German fortress of  
Metz.

The possibility of renewed Italian  
operations on a large scale, was also  
introduced by the capture of Mount  
Sienol, three miles east of Asolo, of-  
ficially reported in Rome. Here and in  
two other successes the allied troops  
on the Italian front took more than a  
thousand prisoners.

The enemy shows no signs of ceas-  
ing his orgies of looting. Every town  
the British have captured has been  
pillaged. Usually the Huns break up  
and destroy whatever they are unable  
to carry off.

There are further signs that the  
Germans either are now carrying out  
or are on the verge of beginning a re-  
treat from the Scheldt line, as the  
British north of Valenciennes push out  
in the direction of Mons and Man-  
beuge. They are less than 18 miles  
from Mons and about 15 from Man-  
beuge.

There was sharp fighting at Bousies  
before it was captured. As the enemy  
retreated he exploded mines under  
roads and railways.

Many Alsations have been captured.  
A large number of these expressed  
a desire to join the French army, say-  
ing they had been dragged into the  
German army against their will.

In brilliant moonlight, assisted by  
roaring flocks of night bombing air-  
planes, the British fought throughout  
the night and made steady gains. They  
are using saw-saw tactics. Guns are  
moved up in relays, so there is con-  
stantly a heavy fire on the German  
front and rear. Infantry assaults are  
launched at different times.

These tactics bewildered the Ger-  
mans. No enemy unit knows where  
an assault is coming, and all are forced  
to stand in readiness under torrents of  
steel, high explosives, shrapnel and  
gas. A concentration at Preux for a  
counter attack was observed from the  
air.

The Germans have broken down the  
bank and opened the sluiceways  
northeast and southwest of Valen-  
ciennes and have flooded vast stretches  
of the country in an effort to delay the  
British advance.

## PITH OF THE WAR NEWS

The French are pressing east from the  
Oise toward Hirson and northeast  
from the Serre toward the same  
place. In the last four days 15,000  
prisoners have been taken and the  
total German casualties have been  
at least 50,000 men.

Americans maintained their gains on  
both sides of the Meuse in spite of  
the violent opposition and harassing  
fire of the Germans.

The German foreign minister, Dr. Solf,  
declares Germany accepts all of Mr.  
Wilson's 14 peace terms and will  
consent to negotiate as to the future  
of Alsace-Lorraine.

Austria is reported to be preparing to  
demobilize her army and Turkey,  
the other main ally of Germany, is  
said to have made overtures virtu-  
ally amounting to surrender. Con-  
ditions in all three countries are re-  
ported as desperate, troops revolting  
in Austria and runs on banks in  
Germany forcing an acute situation.  
Paris newspapers see step toward po-  
litical unity in presence there of  
Col. E. M. House, the President's  
personal adviser. They regard Mr.  
House as completing America's rep-  
resentation in the Versailles War  
Council.

Massachusetts health officials state  
that the epidemic of influenza and  
pneumonia will be practically ended  
by November 1.

Members of the Students' Army  
Training Corps at the Massachusetts  
Agricultural College, Amherst, have  
been inoculated for typhoid fever and  
smallpox.

COL. E. P. O'HERN.  
Ordnance Expert Directing the  
Work of U. S. 16 Inch Guns.



Col. Edward P. O'Hern, chief of  
ordnance of the First American Field  
Army, has been for years one of the  
most noted experts of the ordnance  
bureau. He is a West Pointer, a na-  
tive of New York, forty years old. He  
directed the work of the big guns in  
the St. Mihiel drive.

## DEMAND KAISER QUIT

Berlin Crowd Urges Abdication  
and Calls for Republic.

Croat Regiment at Flume Revolts, De-  
stroys Railroad and Seizes  
Austrian Port.

London.—The President's latest note  
to Germany reached the Reichstag in  
Berlin. The Reichstag immediately ad-  
journed, and different sections began  
considering the communication sepa-  
rately. About the same time there  
was a riot outside the Reichstag build-  
ing, the mob demanding peace and the  
abdication of the Kaiser and cheering  
Karl Liebknecht, the released minority  
Socialist leader.

Not enough German comment has  
been received to give a full idea of  
the impression it has made on the  
enemy public, but the agitation against  
the Emperor in radical quarters con-  
tinues.

Meanwhile the Austro-Hungarian  
and Hungarian governments have been  
upset by the revolt of a Croat regiment  
at Flume, an Adriatic port. The troops  
seized the city and tore up the rail-  
road.

The news of this event was quickly  
followed by the resignation of Baron  
Burlan, Austro-Hungarian foreign min-  
ister, and Dr. Wekerle, Hungarian pre-  
mier, who were succeeded by two  
prominent Liberals, Count Julius An-  
drassy and Count Albert Aponyi, re-  
spectively.

The separatist movements in the  
dual monarchy are continuing. The  
Czech-Slovak deputies have left the  
Reichstag, with the announcement that  
they would never return.

The Bremen Burgerzeitung states  
the big strike of munition workers at  
Breslau was on account of the closing  
of the Socialist newspaper Breslau  
Volkswacht for demanding the resig-  
nation of the Kaiser. The military au-  
thorities closed the newspaper, but on  
account of the strike were forced to  
permit it to appear again, then the  
strike ceased.

No Berlin newspaper prints the  
speech Dr. Liebknecht made on being  
liberated. The whole spirit of the  
demonstration after his release was  
decidedly revolutionary. The police  
tried to check it, but mounted police  
were required to prevent a demonstra-  
tion before the Reichstag.

Czech Leaders Near Geneva.  
Berne.—Three prominent Czech lead-  
ers, Klotka, Sinnek and Haherman,  
have arrived here on their way to Ge-  
neva to meet delegates of the provi-  
sional Czech government, who are  
coming from Paris. The two delega-  
tions will formulate the principles of  
a constitution for the new Czech repub-  
lic.

## PIMPLES COVERED FACE AND NECK

Itched. Got So Hard and Red  
Could Not Sleep With Pain.  
Troubled Two Years.

## HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"When I was about fourteen years of  
age I began to get pimples and black-  
heads, and my face and neck were cov-  
ered. The pimples were red and came  
to a head making me look awful. They  
itched so that when I scratched they got  
so hard and red I could not sleep with  
the pain.

"I had the trouble for most two years  
before I used Cuticura Soap and Oint-  
ment, and after using three cakes of  
Cuticura Soap and one fifty-cent box  
of Cuticura Ointment I was healed."  
(Signed) Miss Agnes Halka, Pleasant  
View Ave., Bristol, Conn., Oct. 5, '17.

Some think that because Cuticura  
does such wonderful work in soothing  
and healing severe eczemas it is not  
adapted to toilet uses. But that is just  
where it is most effective in preventing  
little skin troubles becoming serious.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-  
card: "Cuticura, Dept. R. D. Brown," Sold  
everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c.

# THE WIN=THE=WAR CANDIDATES

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

### STANDS FOR GERMANY'S UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER

## ELECT THESE Republican National and State Candidates

For United States Senator  
**LE BARON BRADFORD COLT**  
High Street, Bristol

For Representative in Congress  
1st District  
**CLARK BURDICK**  
Kay Street, Newport

For Representative in Congress  
2nd District  
**WALTER R. STINESS**  
Cowest, Warwick

For Representative in Congress  
3rd District  
**AMBROSE KENNEDY**  
Oakley Road, Woonsocket

For Governor  
**R. LIVINGSTON BEECKMAN**  
Ledger Road, Newport

For Lieutenant Governor  
**EMERY J. SAN SOUCI**  
176 Webster Avenue, Providence

For Secretary of State  
**J. FRED PARKER**  
432 Wayland Avenue, Providence

For Attorney General  
**HERBERT A. RICE**  
158 Medway Street, Providence

For General Treasurer  
**WALTER A. READ**  
Chepachet, Gloucester

## R. LIVINGSTON BEECKMAN War Governor

Rhode Island today stands among  
the first six states in the Union in  
fulness of response to the Nation's  
war call. It stands there because it  
has a Chief Executive who, realizing  
the significance of war, took instant  
and effective steps to uphold Rhode  
Island's traditional position in the  
forefront of the battle for Freedom.

Our National Guard, trained in  
peace to perfection through the offi-  
cial and personal encouragement of  
the Governor, went valiantly into  
war, first to carry Rhode Island's  
name into battle. Our Naval Bat-  
talion responded at the same time,  
highly trained and outfitted because  
our Chief Executive was awake to  
the momentous occasion.

Rhode Island's soldiers and sailors  
went forth into the great conflict  
knowing that those they left behind  
would be well cared for by the State  
which they so proudly represent.

Rhode Island has given its BEST,  
and done its BEST, in war as in  
peace, because its guiding hand since  
1914 has been continually striving  
for its BEST interests.

Rhode Island has been able to wipe  
out a floating indebtedness of \$250,-  
000, provide liberally for its just re-  
quirements, expand in accordance  
with its income, and live within  
its means, because of the careful  
conduct of its affairs given by our  
War Governor, Mr. Beeckman.

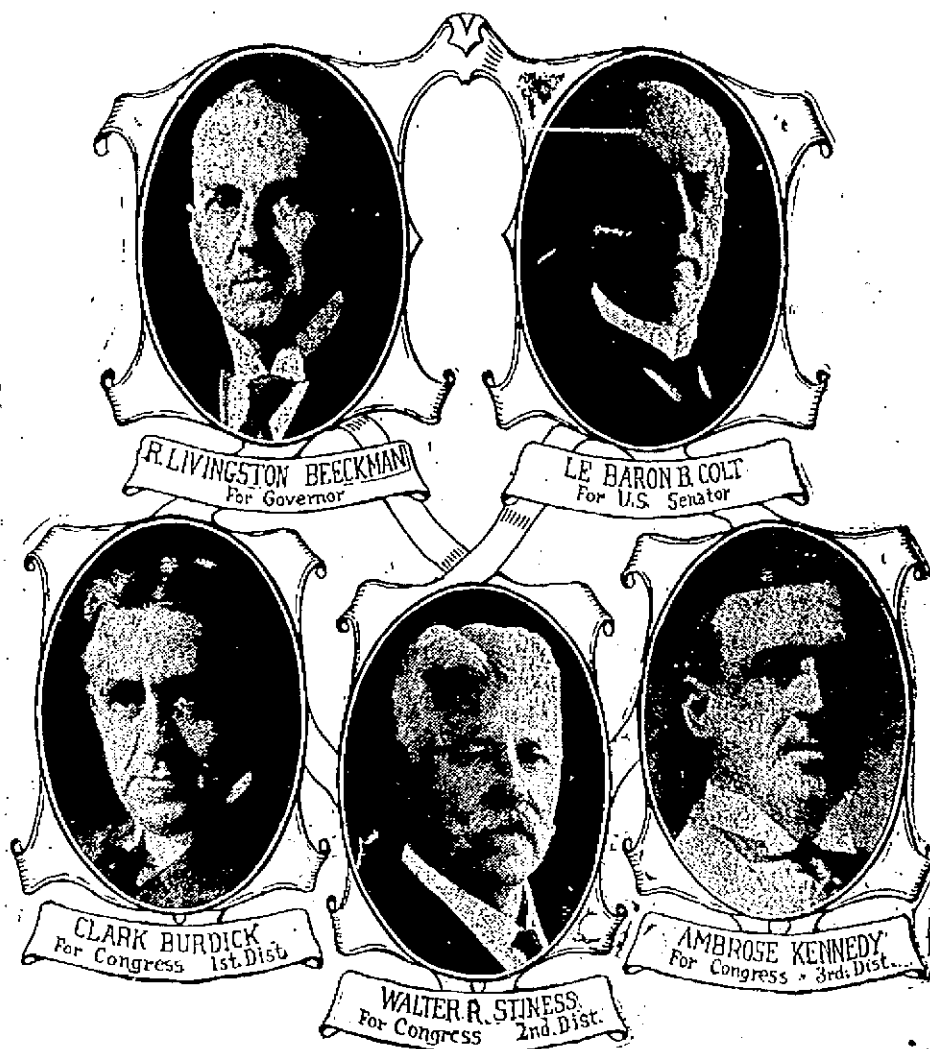
We have, through the administra-  
tion of R. Livingston Beeckman,  
reorganized Rhode Island upon a war  
basis, and the foundation of the suc-  
cessful reorganization has been  
soundness of thought, quickness of  
action, and the direct applications of  
business methods to the conduct  
of the State's business.

## RHODE ISLAND SHALL NOT RETREAT

In the midst of our march of pro-  
gress, comes election. OUR GOVER-  
NOR IS AGAIN A CANDIDATE,  
so that he may carry to a successful  
conclusion the great war works he  
has inaugurated and supervised.

If you wish to continue this suc-  
cessful administration, return R. LIV-  
INGSTON BEECKMAN AS GOV-  
ERNOR.

His name will be found on the  
ballot UNDER THE EAGLE.



## How Senator Colt Backed up the President

After the declaration of war on Germany it became apparent to seri-  
ous-minded statesmen that more  
power should be placed in the hands  
of the President if America was to  
assume its place in the league of  
nations banded together to keep the  
mad monarch of Berlin from putting  
into operation his idea of world con-  
quest.

Senator Overman, Democrat,  
framed and presented an act known

as the Overman bill, authorizing the  
President to co-ordinate and consoli-  
date bureaus, agencies and offices in  
the interest of economy and the more  
efficient concentration of the Govern-  
ment in its war program.

U. S. Senator Colt, as a member of  
the Judiciary Committee, became the  
pivot around which the opponents and  
proponents of the measure seemed to  
swing.

Senator Colt was a hearty sup-

porter of the measure, as he was of  
all other war bills. Numerous amend-  
ments which would weaken or kill the  
act were presented, but in every case  
were successfully opposed before the  
Judiciary Committee by Senator Colt.

It was openly stated in Washington  
that had it not been for the staunch  
support given by Senator Colt the  
Overman bill would have been in  
grave danger of defeat.

## Senator Colt Commended By Vice President Marshall

The Democratic Vice President, in  
appreciation of the importance of  
Senator Colt's work, wrote Senator  
Colt especially commending his broad-  
minded statesmanship in supporting  
the President on this great bill, which  
later brought order out of chaos in  
our war work. This bill enabled us  
to put General Pershing and an army  
of two million men in the field on  
record time well equipped and sup-  
plied, an army second to none in the  
world.

Senator Overman thanked him  
openly for his effective work as a  
member of the Judiciary Committee,  
and said: "Senator, your votes in  
committee and your speech on the  
floor of this Senate in support of this  
measure constitute the finest expres-

sion of non-partisan statesmanlike  
work we have seen in many days, and  
I thank you."

The Overman bill is the most im-  
portant war measure passed since  
the declaration of war on Germany  
by the United States, and is just one  
of the great war measures which re-  
ceived the hearty support of Senator  
Colt.

## Clark Burdick for Congress First District

Clark Burdick, Republican Can-  
didate for Congress in the First Dis-  
trict, was born in Newport in 1868  
and has resided there all his life.  
He was educated in the public schools  
of Newport and studied law at the  
Harvard Law School. He was ad-  
mitted to bar in 1894 and has been  
actively engaged in the practice of  
law since that time. He was elected  
a member of the School Committee of  
Newport in 1901 and served on that  
Committee until 1905. He was City  
Solicitor of Newport in 1901, 1902,  
1906 and 1907. He was elected a Rep-  
resentative to the General Assembly  
in 1905, 1906 and 1907, and while a  
member of the House was chairman  
of the Legislative Committee, a mem-  
ber of the Judiciary Committee, and  
of the Special Legislation Committee.

As Chairman of the Labor Com-  
mittee, he advocated and reported many  
acts of benefit of labor conditions  
of the State. He was elected a mem-  
ber of the First Representative  
Council of Newport; re-elected, and  
during his last term served as its  
Chairman. He was elected Senator

in the General Assembly in 1914 and  
served two years. While Senator he  
was Chairman of the Judiciary Com-  
mittee and leader of the Senate; he  
introduced the bill in the Senate both  
years favoring Woman Suffrage. He  
was elected Mayor of Newport for  
the year 1917 and re-elected for 1918,  
by a plurality of nearly 1200. As  
Mayor, he advocated and carried  
through a large number of measures  
of special benefit to the State and its  
people.

Since the declaration of war prac-  
tically his entire time has been de-  
voted to projects connected with  
winning the War. He has been a  
member of the various committees  
connected with the raising of funds  
for war work, the Red Cross, the Y.  
M. C. A., the War Stamp, Liberty  
Loan, and was Chairman of a num-  
ber of these committees. He was a  
four-minute man. He is local Chair-  
man of the United War Fund Drive.  
He organized the first Home Guard  
in the State. He has been in close  
touch with the military authorities  
of the Newport Station and has co-

operated with them in every way.  
He devised a plan that finally result-  
ed in the purchase of Coddington  
Point as an addition to the Naval  
Training Station. He entertained the  
Japanese Mission headed by Ishii and  
was decorated by the Emperor of  
Japan for the manner in which he  
conducted that affair. He also enter-  
tained the Famous French Band and  
various other visiting organizations.  
Mr. Burdick is a member of several  
fraternal societies. He stands for  
winning the war by the defeat of our  
enemy, upon treaties with no secret  
understandings, a league of nations  
to preserve peace, the biggest mer-  
chant marine in the world, a navy  
large enough to protect our interests,  
a job for every soldier and sailor,  
including provisions for the injured,  
the protection of Rhode Island labor  
and industry. He stands back of the  
President in every measure, to bring  
this war to a successful close by un-  
conditional surrender of the enemy.

# MARK YOUR BALLOT UNDER THE EAGLE







## RECORD OF CONGRESSMAN O'SHAUNESSY AND OF SEN- ATOR COLT CONTRASTED

### O'Shaunessy's Record

October 1, 1918, that day of all days in Congress, when the vote was to be taken on the famous Adamson law giving an eight-hour day to all Federal Employees, and more especially to aid the great army of railroad employees in the United States, he was not present. He was there on the previous day, but ducked to Maine on the day of the vote. How can he claim such friendship for the laboring man when he "ducks" on the day when the working man is coming into his own?

He was also absent August 1, 1916, when a vote was taken on the bill for relief to families of men drafted into the United States army. This bill affected, either directly or indirectly, every working man's family in the United States. Why did Mr. O'Shaunessy "duck" the vote of that bill?

On May 16, 1917, he VOTED AGAINST giving an increase in pay to our soldier boys. There was a bill before Congress to give United States soldiers, who were to offer their lives on the fields of France, a raise in pay from \$30 to \$36 per month, and for those who were to remain on this side of the Atlantic, a raise from \$25 to \$30 per month. O'Shaunessy voted AGAINST the bill. In other words, he said, "Soldiers are only worth \$3 1-3 cents per day. Why give them more?"

On December 7, 1917, when all over the United States men were watching Washington, to learn whether or not war would be declared on Austria, Mr. O'Shaunessy again ducked. War on Austria meant the saving of Italy and relief for that brave French army that was helping the Italians hold back the Austrian and the Hun. Every man in the United States, of Italian or French blood, should see to it that O'Shaunessy is rebuked for his failure to go to the assistance of the brave soldiers from their native lands.

May 4, 1917, Mr. O'Shaunessy voted against the Espionage bill. This bill was enacted to put the members of the I. W. W. in jail where they belonged, and to send German spies into internment prisons. It also put a stop to blowing up of our munitions factories, bridges, etc., which caused the murder of so many innocents. Why did he vote against such a bill?

May 12, 1917, he voted against the bill to authorize Teddy Roosevelt to go to France with a volunteer army. Since then Mr. Roosevelt's three sons have fallen, one of them in death and the other two wounded. Why did he want a great man like Roosevelt to stay at home? Was it patriotism that caused him to vote?

May 23, 1917, he voted AGAINST taxing the incomes of rich men. If he favors the poor man, as he claims, why did he vote against a bill that would make the rich man assume his proper share of the great war tax burden?

Why did he openly insult Representative Crumpton of Michigan from the floor of the House and use such language that he was forced to apologize and have his remarks taken from the records?

On the day when Congress voted to increase the pension of the Civil War veterans, why was he absent? Why did he duck on a measure that meant relief for men who offered their lives in 1861-65 in order that the United States might be a better place in which to live.

Why was he absent on a day when a bill was passed increasing the pension of Spanish-American War veterans? Did he stay away to show his love for the men who in 1898 offered their lives in order that Cuba might be free, and who were willing to fight to death in memory of the brave lads who went down with the Maine in Havana harbor?

When bills were being passed to aid Civil War veterans, Spanish-American War veterans, and the boys who are now fighting for all of us, why was O'Shaunessy always against such patriotic measures? His record in Congress showed that he never took any interest in such bills, and even went so far as to vote against an increase in pay for our brave soldier boys. This action on his part should be remembered on election day when he is seeking the votes of the fathers and brothers of the very men whom he voted against.

Why was it that he had to be forced to stop interfering with the Liberty Loan drive? After being informed that he was not wanted as a speaker, why did he insist on interfering with Liberty Loan rallies until public sentiment forced him to stop? Is that the kind of patriotism that is going to beat the Hun?

Record of U. S. Senator LeBaron B. Colt

He was 32 years a judge during which he became very popular among people of foreign nationalities because of his desire to make American citizens of all who applied for such right. While other Circuit Court judges made it hard in many cases for foreigners to adopt the United States as their legal residence, Judge Colt always worked with the idea that a man should be given all the rights and privileges of free America once he decides to become a citizen and abide by its laws.

Mr. Colt has been a member of the United States Senate for nearly six years, and since the entry of the United States into the war he has backed the President in every war measure, claiming that all partisanship should be cast aside and that all should concentrate all their energies on the winning of the war.

Mr. Colt voted for an increase in pay for our soldier boys from \$25 to \$30 per month for service in the United States, and from \$30 to \$36 for foreign service.

He voted for the armed neutrality bill which made it possible to arm merchant ships before the United States entered war with Germany.

He voted for the Espionage bill which has caused the jailing of members of the I. W. W. Organization and the internment of hundreds of people of German blood who were working against the interests of the United States. Since the passage of that bill, explosions in munitions factories and fires in plants making war material have almost ceased.

He voted for the resolution declaring war with Germany.

He voted for the bill that would have given ex-President Roosevelt the right to cross the seas with an army of his own to fight the German

beast. This bill was defeated; but Senator Colt favored it.

He voted for the conscription bill that made it possible to send an army into Mexico to stop the attacks on the bordering towns and cities over the Rio Grande in the United States. Pershing was immediately sent into Mexico, and put an end to the Mexican bandits.

He voted for the bill authorizing the loaning of money to our Allies to keep them from starving and to make it possible for them to continue making munitions to fight the Hun.

He voted for the bill to give a pension of \$100 per month to permanently helpless soldiers.

He voted for the bill to increase the pensions of widows \$25 per month.

He voted for the food control bill, which made it impossible for the big dealers in food to hoard it in storage to force the price upward.

He voted for war with Austria in order that Italy, millions of whose sons are making the best citizens of the United States, might be saved from the advance of the Hun and his Austrian helpers. The passage of that bill made it possible to send an American army to Italy, where they will give an account of themselves when the proper time comes.

He voted for the Overman bill to place all war powers in the hands of the President. He was congratulated for his vote by the Democratic Vice President and Democratic Senator Overman. As a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee, Senator Colt's vote made it possible for the bill to pass. Otherwise, it would have been defeated in the committee room. This was the greatest bill passed to help the President in the conduct of the war.

He voted for the Federal Amendment for Woman Suffrage.

He voted for Government control of all telephone and telegraph lines and in the Judiciary committee stopped all amendments that might take the strength out of the law, many of which were proposed by leading Democrats.

He believes that the working man should have full opportunity to share in the fruits of his labors, and that he should receive his share of the earnings which he creates. He feels that the future of the working classes should be made on a far higher plane than in the past and that the way to do this is to allow the workingman higher pay.

"Meet me at Barney's."

\$375 Regular price  
60 Less rent price  
\$315 Sale price

WOODBURY UPRIGHT  
PIANO, No. 41195  
(Beautiful Mahogany Case)

Was received from the factory on July 3, and rented on July 9, and is now back in our store and will be sold for

\$315

just because it has been rented about 2 months.—SEE IT.

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE

FOR SALE

1000 CORDS of SEASONED WOOD

On my dock at Wickford, R. I. Can be delivered by boat or rail. For further particulars apply to

HENRY N. GIRARD  
Lafayette, R. I.

TO NEW YORK

FALL RIVER LINE  
Lv. Long Wharf daily at 7:30 P. M. Tickets, etc., at 16 Franklin St., or Ticket Office on the Wharf

NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP LINES

Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I., October 25, 1918.

Estate of Martha J. Deshields. WILLETT KIPPINCOTT, the Administrator on the estate of MARTHA J. DESHIELDS, single woman, late of said Middletown, deceased, has this day filed in this office his second and final account with said estate, showing distribution thereof, as ordered by the Probate Court of said Middletown, for examination and allowance by said Court, and has applied to me to give due notice of the filing and pendency of his said account according to law.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested therein that said account will be considered and acted upon at the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown on Monday, the eighteenth day of November next, A. D. 1918, at one o'clock P. M.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

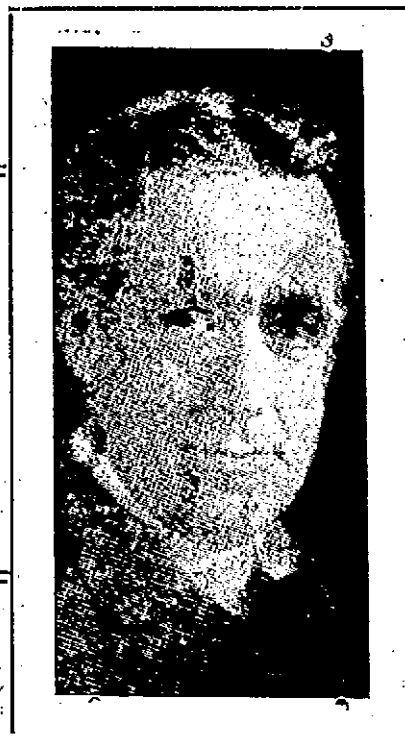
11-2-3w

Bird and Insect Workers.

The arts of weaving and rope and net making are practiced by some of the lower forms of life, notably among caterpillars and spiders. The weaver birds of Africa and India, which are a species of finch, construct wonderful nests out of leaves by sewing them together.

# Newport Needs Personal Representative In Washington

A Leader In  
Local  
War Work



Demands  
Unconditional  
Surrender

SEND

## CLARK BURDICK TO CONGRESS

TO LOOK OUT FOR

## OUR VAST INTERESTS THERE

# THE KAISER WILL LAUGH

If you Voters of Newport, at the Polls, on November 5th,  
Repudiate Secretary Daniels' "Dry Order"

STAND BY THE GOVERNMENT THAT PROTECTS OUR BOYS

## VOTE NO LICENSE—

Saloons cannot open, but do not give Pro-German BREWERS the chance to publish to the ends of the earth that Newport stands with those who would ruin our Boys.

Vote NO—Vote  
DRY

Vote for Men who will Ratify  
the National Prohibition Amendment.

The Booze Man Always Votes. Do You?

Will this City grant Licenses for	Yes	
the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors	No	X

BOY W. S. S.

The Rhode Island Anti-Saloon League

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY  
NEWPORT, R. I.

Now is the time

TO PLACE YOUR ORDERS

FOR

Toasters, Grills, Irons

and

Electrical Appliances

For the

HOLIDAY SEASON

Our stock is complete but limited in quantity. The supply is also limited and delivery uncertain. Now is the time to save Cost, Time and Money.

BAY STATE STREET  
RAILWAY CO.

ILLUMINATING DEPARTMENT

Phone 27 449 Thames St.

Probate Court of the City of Newport,

October 18th, 1918.

Estate of Richard Donohue

REQUEST in writing is made by Elizabeth V. Donohue, of said Newport, widow of Richard Donohue, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that she or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Fourth day of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

10-19

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, October 19th, 1918. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL CURRAN, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

CATHERINE F. CURRAN,

10-19

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., October 19th, 1918. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of LLOYD E. HALL, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JOSEPH S. PROCHIAN, JR.,

10-19

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., October 19th, 1918.

Estate of Aleck Hoarman

J. M. GRUMMET, of Shreveport, Louisiana, doative testamentary Executor of the last will and testament of ALECK HOARMAN, late of Shreveport, in the parish of Caddo, Louisiana, which will was proved and allowed by the Court of Probate within and for said Parish of Caddo, State of Louisiana, presents a copy of said last will and testament and of the Probate thereof, under the seal of said Court of Probate, and in writing requests that the same be filed and recorded in the register of this Court, according to law, and that letters of administration with the will annexed may be granted to Aylsworth Brown, of Providence, R. I., upon said estate in Rhode Island, said deceased leaving estate in the State of Rhode Island and in said Town of New Shoreham, whereon said will may operate; and said copies and request are received and referred to the fourth day of November at two o'clock P. M. at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

10-19-31

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, November 2nd, 1918. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of ANASTASIA McMAHON, otherwise known as ANNIE McMAHON, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

MARY M. COBSON

11-2

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, November 2nd, 1918. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of MARY W. SPENCER, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

GEORGE F. SPENCER

11-2

Mackenzie & Winslow

[INCORPORATED]

Dealers in

HAY STRAW,

GRAIN

POULTRY SUPPLIES

SALT

Agent for H. C. Anthony's

GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS

Store: 162 BROADWAY Phone 181 Elevator: MARSH ST. Phone 208

Jamestown Agency

ALTON F. COGGESHALL

Narragansett Ave Phone 20295

FOR SALE

Two-ton Electric Truck at very low price Address BOX 25 MERCURY OFFICE.



FALL SHOES

New lines of Shoes for FALL, showing the lasts and leathers for the present season

School Shoes

for girls and boys

We pay especial attention to the careful fitting of growing feet

The T. Mumford Seabury Co. 214 Thames Street.

Tel. 787

The Pope's Chair.

What is said to be the most expensive chair in the world belongs to the pope; it is of solid silver, and is said to have cost \$30,000.